DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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ICEBERGS.

Icebergs are born in the arctic regions. Our rivers continually pour their waters into the ocean; there the rivers of ice, descending to the water's edge, are slowly but constantly forcing themselves farther and farther into the sea, and by the thaws of summer and the frosts of winter, and the ever-increasing weight of the enormous overhanging mass, huge portions are broken off, which, floating out into the ocean, are known as icebergs.

Some of these ice rivers are equal in size and volume to the largest streams of warmer regions. One in the district of Omenak in Greenland is no less than a mile broad and forms an ice wall rising 150 feet above the sea; but the grandest of all is the magnificent Humboldt glacier, which, connecting Greenland and Washington land, forms a solid glassy wall 300 feet above the water-level with an unknown depth below it, while its curved face extends fully sixty miles in length from Cape Agassiz to Cape Forbes. In the temperate zone it would be one of the mightiest rivers of the earth; here in the frozen solitudes of the North, it slowly drops its vast fragments into the waters, making the solitude around re-echo with their fall.

As they float out they make pictures wonderful in size, variety of form and beauty. One observed by Sir John Ross and lieutenant Parry was 2½ miles long, 2 1-5 miles broad and 153 feet high, and was estimated to weigh nearly 1,500 million tons. Dr. Hayes measured one 315 feet high and a fraction over three-quarters of a mile long, and in the southern seas they have been seen towering to a height of 700 or 800 feet, and it must be remembered that but something less than one ninth of their bulk is above water and visible.

Icebergs usually are considered very uncomfortable companions by ship captains. Not only is their presence indicated by great cold, but they are the cause of many accidents; at the same time it must be said there are occasions when they prove useful auxiliaries to the mariner. From their great bulk lying below the water-line, they are either drifted along by the under-current against the wind, or from their vast dimensions are not perceptibly influenced even by the strongest gale. Thus in strong adverse winds their broad masses, fronting the storm like bulwarks, not seldom afford protection to ships mooring under their lee. Anchoring under a berg is, however, not always unattended with danger, particularly when the summer is advanced, or in a lower latitude, as all ice becomes exceedingly fragile when acted on by the sun or by a temperate atmosphere. The blow of an axe then sometimes suffices to sunder an iceberg and to bury the careless seaman beneath its ruins, or to hurl him into the yawning chasm.

STEAMSHIP AND ICEBERG.

AUBURT
GALLION QUE

Temperance Department.

LETTER TO A SON IN COLLEGE.

My Dear Son:

I am glad you told me you had smoked one or two more cigarettes. It is right I should know it. I have done a good week's work, and I would most gladly sacrifice it, if that would reverse the fact that you had ever smoked a cigarette. That cannot be. This makes me sure you are not "invulnerable." I had hoped that from a fixed principle you would not touch your lips to this accursed thing my soul abhors.

The habit is unnatural, foolish, useless, slavish, filthy, degrading, dangerous, expensive and wicked. No man should have it, certainly no Christian. It matters not about the numbers that use it. The many may make it fashionable, and thus a temptation to use it; but numbers can never make it wise or right. My Bible says, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." "Abstain fron the appearance of evil." Is it not wrong and wicked for Christians to lend their influence on that side of a question that involves so much, and help to swell the half million of dollars that it costs the people of the United States daily for tobacco. This expenditure is by only forty millions of people, not one-thirtieth part of the inhabitants of the earth. Is not the cigar the Devil's bait and trap to get you into a habit that is a curse to you and to the world? Paul says he would have done a certain good deed but "Satan hindered him." If the inspired apostle was thus hindered from doing a good deed, may we not expect that Christians now are often hindered from accomplishing good by the same being? Is he not as ready to help us to do bad deeds and form bad habits? Before you smoke another cigar, ask whom it will please, your divine Lord (whose dying love you and I have celebrated this day) or the adversary of souls?

It is an unexpected trial that I must war against the use of tobacco in my sons. By precept and example I have most strenuously opposed it. Say no for your own sake. It will diminish your power for good. Say no for the sake of your brother and his children. Say no for the sake of the church of which you are a member. Say no for the sake of him who died to redeem you.

My son, the tears will fall while I am writing these lines, in view of yourself, and your brother and his children, and the generations that I hope for and expect will follow. Refrain for the sake of all these. It demands firmness in a superlative degree to withstand all these temptations if one desires to be popular in some companies. Do not desire it in such companies. Use this firmness.

You have had a hard struggle to go through a college course, and have had almost unparalleled success in many respects. Of your future usefulness our hopes are high, and others share them. You would never have been chosen to teach an only son the languages and fit him for college if his parents had not full confidence in you. Be an example to him in all things. The use of tobacco, with all its attendants, is a monstrous evil. It is downright wickedness. It is so common few view it in its true light.

In the millennium will this habit be as prevalent as now? Will the people of these United States expend annually two hundred millions of dollars for tobacco? Will the pulpit, the press and the church remain silent and inactive against it? Will Christians, by their practice, justify its use?

I greatly miatake if the time is not coming when they will be aroused against it, so aroused that no one who uses this pernicious weed will at least be allowed to enter the sacred desk.

Suppose you, from this time, use two ten-cent cigars a day till you are at my age, or forty-five years; the compound interest of the cost, at six percent, would amount to more than fifteen thousand dollars. One ten-cent or two five-cent cigars would be over seventy-five hundred dollars. In the closing hours of life can you wish for the reflection that you had spent such a sum or any fractional part thereof for such a purpose? Would it not be worse than hiding the Lord's talent in the earth? Would the reflection be comforting? Would it not cause heartrending regret and remorse that you had worse than squandered the means of doing good in this world of distress and want? Will the thought of the harm you have done to many, and the ruin to some, and the extra good you might have done, add to your happiness then?

When the Christian cares more for this habit than for his duty to his God, or for his influence upon his fellow men, he is on dangerous ground. He is pitching his tent toward Sodom.

By his temptations the devil failed to defeat the end of our Saviour's coming. Does not that same malicious spirit show what pleasure he must have in inducing ministers of the gospel and members of churches to join with non-professors and even with the lowest of our race throughout the world in spending millions of dollars each day for tobacco? In this world of starvation and spiritual want, is it not enough to make angels weep?

You can never find a man who in honesty and candor will advise you to acquire the habit. A friend of yours said he would give five hundred dollars "if he was free from the habit." As he had not resolution enough to leave it off, was it not acknowledged slavery? Do you wish to be such a slave?

Women should have a part in this reform. That woman who says to her lover, "I like the smell of a Spanish cigar," is doing great harm. It is evidence of an unnatural or depraved taste, therefore she has no right to like it. She is encouraging him in not only a vicious habit, but in a most expensive one. The wife and the mother have an interest here. It affects her standing, her wardrobe, her comforts, her table and her children.

In pure minds the habit detracts ten to twenty-five percent from the intrinsic worth of any man. Let the ladies, one and all, so consider it, and by their disapprobation and disgust make it manifest. It would have a most telling effect on the men. There are very few women who would choose to have their household relatives use tobacco.

Let them then with united force, voice and influence oppose this evil. Were you to ride in a smoking car, would its pure air promote longevity? Would you be proud of your company? Many persons become so lost to a sense of courtesy and even decency, that were it not for the rule of the corporation, they would be in other cars, puffing the smoke in the presence of ladies, and in the faces of men who detest the practice. Think not that I have magnified this evil. Words cannot tell nor time reveal all the harm it has done to man, physically, morally, mentally and spiritually. The judgment day and eternity alone can reveal it.

I shall soon be gone. My son, do preserve these words as my most solemn protest against tobacco and your use of it.

A Father.

—*Advance.*

SMOKING IN THE PRESENCE OF LADIES.

The fact should ever be kept before us that absolute cleanliness alone is compatible with health. And more, a regard for the rights of others in eschewing all filthy habits in their presence is indispensable in the conduct of true gentlemen. To come to one point, which occurs to us in this connection, what shall be said of a man who will smoke in the presence of ladies, even with their unreserved consent? This is done by men who would be highly insulted if they were charged personally with doing that which was in the least ungentlemanly. We ourselves have met with men who justified smoking in the presence of ladies, with the remark that the ladies expressed a liking for the odors of tobacco smoke. We would not impeach such ladies as tellers of falsehood, but we would say that if they really enjoyed smoke, their taste was altogether abnormal and not very refined. It would seem to us that their gentleman friends should recognize this fact, and at least do nothing to foster in them such a depraved taste. The time will come, we hope, when all ladies will make it a rule to protest against smoking in their presence, or in rooms which they have to dwell in. It is a sign of weakness for a woman to submit to such an outrage as to have tobacco smoke befouling the air she has to breathe. To protest against wrong is the right of every one. On the women of our land lies the duty of combating this tobacco fiend, which is sapping the health and life of our people. To court smoke and profess to like it is either hypocrisy, or, as we have said before, the sign of a depraved taste which needs purifying. Let every woman refuse positively to allow smoking in her presence. She will thus do her share in ridding the world of a filthy and health destroying habit, and show that she has at least an appreciation of cleanliness and a womanly refinement. The qualities which would guide her actions in doing this would win for her the admiration of all men whose powers of appreciation are capable of soaring above that which is coarse.—*Herald of Health.*

A GIRL NEARLY LOST.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

Many years ago I was living in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and I started to hear the Germanians render Beethoven's fifth Symphony in Boston. As I came to the place where the omnibuses met (we had no tram cars then) I heard the sound of merriment and laughter—"such fun!" and as I am very fond of fun, I thought I would go up and see what it was. I went, and found a group of young men and in the centre of that group was a young girl seventeen years of age—as I found out afterward—very drunk and the young men were pushing her about. One would push her one way and another the other. I came up and said, "Do you call it sport, to push a helpless girl about like that?" She was a mere child. Some body said, "That's Gough." I said, "Yes, that is my name." They allowed me to come near. The girl was swaying to and fro—she could not stand still; and she was crying bitterly, giving utterance to that wail and moan so pitiful to hear from an animal, but infinitely more pitiful to hear from a woman. I said, "Where do you live?" It was some time before she could or would answer me. She stammered very badly. She was very drunk. At last by patience I ascertained the name and number of the street. Then I said to her, "Now, if you will trust me—if you will take my arm, I will see you home safely." She put her little hands to her white face, and looked at me, and swayed and swayed, and then with both hands grasped me as a drowning man would catch at a plank. I walked with her a mile and a-half. It was hard work; but at length we reached the house, and I rang the bell. The servant came to the door; I said, "I found this young lady in the streets, and she says that she lives here." "Oh, my good gracious!" said the servant, and snatched the girl into the house and shut the door.

I went to the concert, and going along I said to myself, "People like to talk, especially about tectotalers. I have been seen walking through the streets with a drunken woman, arm-in-arm, and they will talk about it. Well, let them talk; I can talk too. I have a meeting to-morrow night; Mr. Grant is to preside, and at the close of my lecture I will tell the whole affair;" and so I did. At the close of the meeting a lady and gentleman pushed up to me, holding up their hands. "God bless you" "For what?" "For bringing our daughter home last night." "What, your daughter!" "Yes, poor child. She is lying ill in her bed, and we have left her to come to you, and say, 'God bless you!' Oh, if you had left her with those young men, what would have become of our child?—Or if the policeman had taken her to the station-house? She would have never lifted up her head again. She was not to blame. There was a wedding at her aunt's last week. Not being very well, I thought she had better not go to the ceremony. But yesterday was a clear, cold day; and I said, 'You had better call on your aunt. You can return by the omnibus by nightfall.' She said, 'I am feeling very cold;' and her aunt (one of those hospitable, good-natured old idiots that we sometimes meet) said, 'I will give you something to warm you, my dear,' and gave her a glass of hot whiskey punch. Now," said the mother, "my daughter had never tasted such stuff before. We are tectotalers, and never have a drop of the cursed thing in the house, and she did not know what it was. Her aunt gave it to her, and she drank it, and began to feel poorly; and she said, 'Aunt, I must go home.' 'Well, my dear,' said her aunt, 'you must take a piece of the wedding-cake to your mamma, and you must drink a glass of wine;' and she poured out a glass, and the child drank it. When she had come out and had reached the corner of the street, she became bewildered, and did not know what was the matter with her, and," said the mother, "after that she had no recollection of anything, but a dim, indefinite, confused idea of something she knew not what."

Twenty years after that a lady came to me in the Music Hall, Boston, and said, "I am a wife and mother, and a member of a Christian Church, and I am that girl you helped home when drunk." You may say, "That is a bad precedent." Bah! bah! for your precedent. There are some men and women who, for fear of establishing a precedent, cannot lift a poor human soul from perdition. They want a precedent. Perish precedents! If I see a woman in trouble, and I can consistently help her out of that trouble, I never ask who she is or what she is, or how she got into the trouble, until I have helped her out. That is my plan, and it should be yours. Help them out, and then talk to them.—*League Journal.*

BREAKING THE JUG.

John L. and his wife were poor, ignorant foreigners, who some fifty years ago lived in Orange, N. J. They both drank of the intoxicating cup, and cared nothing for their souls. They were probably seldom or never seen in the house of God at the time of which we speak.

But a glorious revival of religion broke forth in the vicinity, and God's Spirit visited this couple, and, happy to relate, they did not say, "Go thy way for this season." No, they gave heed unto the voice, and came into the house of God and diligently attended unto the word spoken there.

But neither seemed to find peace in believing. There was a something that held them back, and those interested in their welfare could not read the reason of the prolonged darkness that hovered about them.

But the Spirit is a true teacher, and he revealed to John that they could not serve God and drink of the deadly poison of which they were both so fond.

The honest fellow struggled for some time with the conviction, but at length, on coming home from an evening service, he went to the closet where the jug of whiskey was kept and brought it forth to the light.

Holding it up to his wife's tearful gaze, he earnestly asked, "Shall I break it?"

"Yes," she replied eagerly.

John dashed the jug from the window, and so vanquished the enemy which had so firmly held them in his grasp.

Now that they were ready, God soon showed them his way, and they rejoiced to walk therein.—*American Messenger.*

Boys Read This!—Not long ago a lady visited one of our Eastern colleges to attend a Commencement, and bring her son home. At this college there was a young man that was in the front in his studies, abilities and good conduct; he was the pride of wealthy parents, and a hard student, but had acquired the habit of smoking cigarettes. He believed that it helped him in the labor of study, and the habit grew on him until he became a very slave to it, and his system became so terribly poisoned by it that it gave way, and he was struck down by paralysis as by lightning. It was heart-rending, said the lady who witnessed the meeting of the father and the mother at the college, whither they had been summoned to meet their son and be home. Some of the cigarettes smoked to so large an extent are dangerous articles. A physician these analyzed, and the tobacco to be strongly impregnated with while the wrapper, which was warr be rice paper, was proved to be the dinary of white paper, whitened with the poisons combined being presen sufficient quantities to create in the sm the habit of using opium, without be aware of it, and which craving can only satisfied by an incessant use of cigarettes. If only one wishes to be a slave, here is a chance for him to walk up and have the fetters riveted on. If not, let him beware of these silken threads which increase to galling bonds, and end in fetters of iron and brass.—*Signal.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

"NEVER AN ENCOURAGING WORD."

"He never speaks an encouraging word to us," said a servant of Mr. Towne. "Is that so?" "You may try your life out to please him, and he never speaks an encouraging word. It is life under the harrow there, and I have left."

His children cannot leave home. He has two boys. They are sometimes at work in the garden, pulling up weeds, cutting the grass, making martin-houses and windmills. They put no heart in their work; it is dull and spiritless. They are forever haunted with a furtive fear. Try as they may, and try they do, their father never encourages them. Nothing but a dismal drizzle of fault-finding falls from his lips. A sound scolding, a genuine cuffing when they deserve it—and children know they deserve it sometimes—like a thunder-storm, purifies the air and makes everything the better and brighter. Then the clouds clear away, and the gladdest sunshine follows. This is not Mr. Towne's way. He is never thunder and lightning and over with it, not he; but a perpetual drizzle, dark, damp, murky. Nothing pleases, nothing suits him. Putting his eyes on his boy is a mark of ill-favor. Every child dreads his gaze, shuns it, is ill at ease, awkward, squirming, until it wriggles out of his way and is gone. There are no glad voices in his presence; no outspoken, frank, honest utterances; only hesitation, and consequently, self-contradiction; for fear always beclouds the brightest mind and simplest heart.

"There is no use telling it before father," the boys say, in bringing home a bit of news or a tale of adventure.

But worst of all, "There is no use in trying," as they often say. And the disheartenment will presently merge into indifference possibly into something more active. They will run away. Evil "speaks pleasantly" at last, and many a young person has turned from home and sought other companions for no other reason. The heart, with all its warm impulses, and with them its sense of shortcoming and incompleteness, needs enlargement—must have it in order to grow strong.—*Mother's Magazine.*

EVADING THE FARE.

The stealing of a pin is apparently a slight offence. Yet it may reveal character as plainly as the theft of one hundred dollars. Some years ago there lived in New York a shrewd old merchant named Aymar. He used to receive cargoes of mahogany and log-wood, which were sold at auction.

On one occasion a cargo was to be sold at Jersey City, and all hands started from the auctioneer's room to cross the ferry. When they were going through the gate Mr. Aymar noticed one of the largest buyers slip through the gate without paying the five cent fare. He told the auctioneer not to take a bid from that man.

"Why," said the auctioneer, with an expression of surprise, "I thought he was good."

"So did I," answered Mr. Aymar, "but I have changed my mind, and I will not trust him one dollar."

A few months proved the accuracy of the judgment of Mr. Aymar, for the slippery merchant failed, and did not pay five cents on the dollar. It does not by any means follow that business disaster will come as a retribution to a dishonest trader; but this is certain, that a man who will steal even so trifling a sum as would pay his fare in the horse-car or the ferry-boat, will cheat you out of a larger sum if he finds a safe opportunity.—*Sabbath Reading.*

THE FEET.

The odor of pure perspiration is not unpleasant, as may be proved in clean and healthy babes. When, however, the other eliminating organs—those that strain the waste matter from the blood—do not duly perform their functions, their work is attempted by the skin. Then a disagreeable odor is generally given to the perspiration. Even in these cases, the odor is produced mainly after the perspiration has been absorbed by the clothing.

This last fact is generally true of the bad odor which is associated with the excessive perspiration of the feet of some people. Dr. George Thin, of England, has been investigating the matter, and has communicated the results of his experiments to the Royal Society.

The perspiration of the body is generally slightly acid. That in the soles of the stockings and boots he found to be alkaline. In this there is a rapid development of a class of bacteria (microscopic vegetations) characterized by a fetid smell (*bacterium fœtidum*). The fluid in the soles of the stockings and of the boots examined by the doctor was found to teem with them. Thus the odor is supposed in some cases to be due, not directly to the perspiration as it comes from the feet, but to its subsequent putrefaction.

The afflicted will be glad to learn that this odor can be wholly destroyed by boracic acid—the acid of boron. The stockings should be changed twice a day. When taken off, they should be placed for some hours in a jar containing a solution of the acid. They are again fit for use after drying.

To prevent the odors from getting into the boots, cork soles should be worn, and placed at night in the jar and dried the next day. Washing the tender and sore part of the feet with the acid will relieve the accompanying feeling of heat and pain.—*Youth's Companion.*

DRESS OF INFANTS.

Dr. Mercy B. Jackson says: "The special evil of which I speak is the long skirts, dresses and cloaks which are now the fashion for babies. I feel the deepest commiseration for a delicate child that has hung upon its tender body a flannel skirt a yard long, and over that a cotton skirt equally long, and over that a dress to cover both, often weighted with heavy embroidery, and, if the child is carried out, a double cloak longer than all, so that the skirts reach nearly to the floor as the infant is borne on the nurse's arm. The longer the clothes the more aristocratic the baby, would seem to be the idea of the mother! Think of all this weight attached around the waist of the child, and hanging over the little feet, pressing down the toes and even forcing the feet out of their natural position! How much of deformity and suffering this fashion produces none can tell; but that it is a great discomfort to the baby every thinking mother must perceive.

"High necks and long sleeves are now fashionable for babies; but how soon they may be laid aside for low necks and short sleeves cannot be foreseen. That will depend on the enlightenment of women. To expose the delicate chest and arms of a young child in our cold, changeable climate is often to bring on pneumonia and greatly to lessen the chances of life. And should life be spared, there will be sleepless nights and anxious days for the mother, as well as great suffering for the child."

PLAIN PUDDINGS.

A simply made pudding is a Welsh production and equals anything of French extraction: Soak some large slices of bread and butter in milk; then place between the slices some slices of citron, a custard sauce, and jam either strawberry or raspberry; bake until done through. The children will approve this pudding hugely.

Here is another pudding for the little ones suggested by the French: First fill a buttered mould with slices of bread and butter, spread thickly with dried currants which have been washed, dried and dredged with flour. Fill it up with cold boiled milk, flavor with lemon peel, a little sugar and suet and six eggs. Boil for one hour and serve with a sauce made of a spoonful of arrow root, nutmeg grated, a little cinnamon, sugar rubbed on a lemon peel and then boiled. When served add some marmalade.

A strictly American dish for the children and those who prefer a simple, excellent pudding is the Brown Betty: Cover the bottom of a large, deep, white dish with plenty of sliced, juicy apples. Sweeten them well with brown sugar, adding grated orange or lemon peel, and small balls of jelly or marmalade. Strew over these a layer of stale bread crumbs, adding a few small pieces of fresh butter; follow this with the above mixtures; then again the second layer, until the dish is quite full, with a coverlet of bread crumbs stuck with some bits of citron. Bake till the apples are soft. Serve hot, with sweetened arrowroot sauce.

To Remove Ink-Stains.—When fresh done and wet, hasten to provide some cold water, an empty cup and a spoon. Pour a little of the water on the stain, not having touched it previously with anything. The water of course dilutes the ink and lessens the mark; then ladle it up into the empty cup. Continue pouring the clean water on the stain and ladling it up, until there is not the slightest mark left. No matter how great the quantity of ink spilled, patience and perseverance will remove every indication of it. To remove a dry ink-stain, dip the part stained into hot milk, and gently rub it; repeat until no sign is left. This is an unfailing remedy.

Household Accounts.—There are reasons why the wife or housekeeper should keep an account book. In the first place it would furnish interesting information of the number of pounds of sugar, spice, flour, meat, &c., that a family of a certain size consumes. How many know anything definite about these things? Again, such a record would suggest changes in the living, in one way or another, and furnish a basis for calculation of the requirements for the coming year. We knew of a lady who went so far as to keep an account of the number of extra meals which she had furnished in a year; and when it was announced the family were greatly surprised. A household account is a startling revealer of facts. As a matter of family history a record should be kept—of course, the dates of births and deaths will be given in the record to be found in the family Bible; but there are other things that occur in the family worthy of note.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Care of Clothing.—Careful brushing of clothes with a whisk or hand-brush, renewing them sometimes by sponging with diluted ammonia or alcohol, hanging or folding them, and not leaving them carelessly lying about, are indicative of sense and refinement. A lady should never be seen in slovenly and tumbled attire. Gloves should be kept in a box, pulled out lengthwise when taken off, and repaired the instant a stitch gives way. Hats and bonnets should be kept in boxes. Shawls should be laid in their original folds. It is not in good taste to wear one's best garments on a shopping expedition, nor to go about one's business in spoiled finery that has seen better days.—*Intelligencer.*

Chocolate Cream Drops.—Take two cupfuls of white sugar, half-cupful of milk; put them into a saucepan and beat until it boils; then boil hard five minutes precisely. Set the pan in a dish of cold water; stir until the mixture creams and cools enough to handle; then mould into small drops, laying them on a buttered platter. Flavor if you prefer. Take half a cake of Bakers chocolate, scrape fine, put it into a bowl and set in the top of a steaming (not boiling) tea-kettle till dissolved; then take the creams, one at a time, and drop in the chocolate, roll over quickly, take out with a fork and slip on a buttered platter. Be careful not to let the chocolate cook or it will harden.

Chicken Pudding.—Dress carefully and cut up neatly into small pieces; lay them in a saucepan or kettle with a little boiling water; season with salt and pepper. Boil slowly till quite tender, then take it up, with what little liquor remains, and put into a pudding dish. Have ready one quart of green corn, grated or cut fine (canned corn must answer for winter at the North, but not half so good). Add to this three well-beaten eggs and one pint of sweet cream or rich milk. Season with more salt and pepper if needed, and pour this mixture over the chicken; dredge thickly with flour, lay on bits of butter, and bake till done. This is very nice.

Get Health.—No labor, pains, temperance, poverty, nor exercise, that can gain it, must be grudged. For sickness is a cannibal which eats up all the life and youth it can lay hold of, and absorbs its own sons and daughters. I figure it as a pale, wailing, distracted phantom, absolutely selfish, heedless of what is good and great, attentive to its sensations, losing its soul, and afflicting other souls with meanness and moping, and with ministration to its voracity of trifles.

Eggs in Case of Trouble.—The white of an egg is said to be a specific for fish bones sticking in the throat. It can be swallowed raw, and will carry down the bone easily and certainly. There is another fact touching eggs which it will be well to remember. When, as sometimes by accident, corrosive sublimate is swallowed, the white of one or two eggs taken will neutralize the poison and change the effect to that of a dose of calomel.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first is found in heaven and earth,
And also in the sea;
Yet is is neither fish nor fowl:
What think you can it be?

My second has a ready tongue—
'Tis heard in field and street;
Sometimes 'tis very loud and shrill,
And sometimes low and sweet.

My whole is lovely as the spring-
'Tis beauty's very self;
Titania here might find a home,
Or Puck, that tricksy elf.

DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a sharp instrument and leave a stream of water; again, and leave to be sick.

2. Behead a tumult and leave to disturb; again and a substance we burn.

3. Behead eagerly staring and leave to yawn; again, and leave an animal.

4. Behead a garment and leave a kind of grain; again and leave a preposition.

5. Behead to make a loud noise and leave hasty; again, and leave a tree.

6. Behead to make a harsh noise and leave to value; again, and leave the goddess of revenge.

7. Behead to move suddenly and leave sharp; again, and leave device.

8. Behead a sea-fish and leave to listen; again, and leave a vessel.

9. Behead to immerse and leave an instrument used on board a vessel; again, and leave a tree.

10. Behead extreme enmity and leave a girl's name; again, and leave an insect pest.

CHARADE.

My first is a negation; my second applies both to a people and to a long staff; my third signifies the position of a shore; my fourth is near the surface. My whole was a man of great distinction.

HOMONYMS.

1. We —— down the —— while Mr. —— —— down the stream.

2. In order to reach the P. O. to get his parcel ——, Mr. —— was obliged to —— across the brook.

3. How —— I get the —— off?

4. Where —— you leave the ——?

BURIED FURNITURE.

Twenty-five articles of furniture may be found buried in the following story.

One Sunday morning Mr. Perkins, Leila and Eric came in the garden gate. Eric locked the gate, then they walked across the lawn toward Robert and his mother. "Was the church aired this morning?" said Mrs. P. "Very well, amply; those fixtures to ventilate do admirably. Hey, Robert, able to go this afternoon, my boy?" "I'll go if I can go in a car," petulantly replied Robert.

Robert, Eric and Leila then followed their parents toward the house.

"Your ugly temper makes you talk like that," said Eric. "And look," said Leila, "your hands are as black as sepia!" "No!" angrily shouted Robert; and Eric saw him shove Leila over the bank. Picture Mrs. P.'s feelings when she heard sounds of a quarrel between her children. "Did I vanish?" said Leila when she was picked up. "She's too little for such big words," said Robert. "What, crying, lassie!" said Mrs. P.; "are you hurt? No matter, Vaseline will cure you." "My dress is all dirty," sobbed Leila. "When Mary washes and irons it, it will be clean," said Mrs. P. "Why were you not your sister's defender, Eric?" asked his father. "I ran," gently answered Eric, "but was too late." "He caught my dress, Eric did," said Leila. "Oh," sighed Mrs. P., "I wish such quarrels did not occur, tainting the peace of Sunday!" "Well," said Mr. P., "I am resolved to take that stand with our children which will prevent such scenes in the future."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JUNE 15.

Charade.—Mandrake.

Word Rebus.—Biggonnet.

Easy Decapitations.—1. S-nag. 2. F-air. 3. O-live. 4. S-hut. 5. G-lad. 6. B-rook. 7. P-Russia. 8. S-pain. 9. O-range. 10. B-arrow 11. A-den. 12. Z-one. 13. S-tone. 14. S-tale. 15. H-eight. 16. S-late. 17. H-ill.

A Bouquet.—1. Dandelion. 2. Morning-glory. 3. Mountain Pink. 4. Wax-berry. 5. Alleghany Vine. 6. Lady's slipper. 7. Wall Flower. 8. Trumpet Flower.

Phonetic Charades.—Miss, sis, sip, pi—Mississippi. Him, ma, lay, ya—Himalaya.

BITS ABOUT RATS.

The following anecdotes illustrative of the marvellous sagacity and strategical powers of rats were told me by a gentleman who, during a long life, had been much given to studying the habits and natures of animals; he assured me there was not the least exaggeration in his account. Should any doubt arise as to its veracity, I have no objection to giving my informant's name.

As far as I can remember I will repeat them in his own words—

"I used to keep in a cupboard, in my studio, a stone jar partially filled with oil. When I left home for a few days, I dipped all my oil-painting brushes in this jar to keep them soft, not, of course, leaving them there. Naturally they absorbed but a small quantity, yet I invariably found on my return my stock of oil considerably diminished. I had strictly forbidden the servants interfering with any of my painting materials, and they assured me they had never done so. One day I took the key of my cupboard away with me, so you may imagine how surprised I felt when, on my return, I found my stock of oil had disappeared at a greater rate than ever.

"One day I found some clue to the mystery. I had mounted a ladder outside my window to nail up a clematis which grew round it; as I looked into the room I saw a rat come out of the cupboard, look cautiously round in every direction, then rush across the room; his flight was followed by that of four others, and they all disappeared under the skirting board.

"I went indoors at once, visited my oil jar, and found, as I expected, it was emptier than when I last saw it; but what thoroughly puzzled me was by what means these little thieves obtained the luxury they were so fond of.

"After various conjectures on my part, I could come to no conclusion on the subject. I therefore determined to watch them at work. The next day I left the jar in the middle of the room, and again mounted the ladder outside. In a very few moments a large rat, evidently the leader of the troupe—the one who had first come out of the cupboard the day before, to see if the coast was clear for their escape—ran across the floor toward the cupboard, but stopped short as he passed the jar, attracted by the odor of his favorite beverage.

'He walked round it, stood on his hind legs, leaning against it, and then rushed back to the hole in the wall. He instantly re-appeared, followed by his companions; there was evidently a consultation as to whether an attempt would be safe: they ran round it, looked in every direction, and finally decided the chance was too good to be lost.

"You may imagine how excited and interested I was, and if you did not know me well enough to be sure I would not tell a falsehood for your amusement, you could hardly believe what I there saw. One rat stood on his hind legs, leaning against the jar, his face toward it; a second climbed up his back, and stood in the same position; a third mounted on the shoulders of the second. Clever as this certainly was they could not reach the oil by this means, and I was all excitement to see how that feat was to be achieved. A fourth rat climbed up the others, and, turning round carefully on the shoulders of number three, sat on the edge of the jar, his face turned my way, his long tail hanging within the jar. In a moment or two he turned round again; the secret was discovered. The aforesaid long tail had been thoroughly soaked in the oil, and the head rat, the captain of these

brigands, standing upright, with evident relish licked the oil off the instrument his friend had kindly lent for the purpose.

"When his appetite was satisfied he changed places with the top rat, and performed for him the same service; the other rats then took it in turns to feed, and he fed them. After they had washed their faces with their paws, just as cats would have done, they returned to their hole in the wall."

"My next experience in the intelligent ways of these animals was even more wonderful, and showed an amount of determination, patience and hard work that would be creditable to any of us. One day, entering my studio suddenly, I heard a great rush across the floor, and trod on something just inside the door, which I found to be an egg. Surely, I thought, the rats cannot be answerable for *this;* but, after making enquiries from everyone in the house, I received no explanation, and my mother told me she had missed an egg from her bedroom, where she had it the previous night, having been ordered a raw egg before breakfast. This bedroom was separated from the studio by five or six stairs only. After what I had seen the rats perform, I thought it very likely they might be the thieves in this case, and lay in wait to watch their method of performing so wonderful a feat as taking an egg down a flight of stairs without breaking it. The cupboard I spoke of before faced my door. I made in it a small hole through which to watch the operations; I then left the room door wide open, and placed an egg on the landing outside my mother's door. I did this two or three days after treading on the egg in my room, expressly to give them time to recover the fright I had caused them before. My cupboard was a very large one, and I was enabled to sit down and wait patiently for the entertainment I expected.

"Before long a rat crossed the room and went out at the door, came back directly, and, I suppose, told his family of the grand find he had made, for they all followed him up the stairs, walked round the egg, smelt and touched it, then coolly rolled it to the top of the stairs, one going in front, I suppose to break its fall. Now comes the marvellous part of the affair. When within five or six inches of the top stair, the rat in front turned over on his back, with his four feet in the air; then turned on his side toward the egg, and the other rats arranged it for him between his four legs, with which he tightly grasped it. His friends then raised him till he was on his back again, the egg safely resting on his chest; two took him by the head, two by the feet, and lifted him to the very edge of the stair; then two went to the next step to receive him, and he was absolutely lifted down by the two left above, the other two breaking his fall. The other steps were descended in the same manner, and when they reached level ground they rolled the egg along, preserving the same precautions as adopted before starting their clever descent.

"I am sure I need not tell you I allowed them to carry it safely home, before I came out of my hiding place."—M. R. L., *Girls' Own Paper.*

TWO DOGS.

I recently spent a month with a friend in a neighboring city, and met at her house a charming old gentleman, Professor K—. We had many interesting talks about our favorite animals; and the Professor related the following, one evening, in reply to the clamorous cry of the little folks of the house, "A story, a story, Professor! a really, truly dog-story!"

"When I first began to teach," said he, "I held a position in the seminary of a small town in Central New York, and boarded in the family of a friend, a physician. I had not been there long before a widow with her little girl arrived in town, from some distant State, and settled in an empty house just across the way. A few days after their arrival, the mother, early one morning, came rushing across the road for the doctor, wringing her hands in great distress. Her child had overturned the boiling contents of a kettle on the stove, badly scalding her little arms and hands. My friend went right over and skilfully, and I can well imagine how tenderly, relieved the poor little girl's sufferings. At length, under the influence of an opiate, she ceased sobbing and fell into a deep sleep. At this result, a large, shaggy dog, that had sat close by the bedside all the while, intently watching the doctor's movements, seemed greatly relieved, also.

"A few hours after this occurrence, my friend, sitting in his office down town, heard a peculiar noise at the outside door. He opened it, and, to his surprise, in walked his neighbor's shaggy dog. With his great brown eyes overflowing with love, this strange dog began at once his curious expression of gratitude for my friend's ministrations to his little mistress. He jumped about the chair in which the doctor had again seated himself, rose and gently licked his forehead, eyes, and cheeks, sought his hands and covered them with the wet kisses of his great wet tongue; and again and again repeated these signs of

love and thankfulness, all the while making a soft, cooing noise, almost like the tender note of a bird, wholly unlike anything in dog language that my friend had ever heard before. In this way a half hour passed, and then the creature abruptly stopped his demonstrations, turned around and sedately walked out of the office. He never came there afterward, neither did he ever show any special fondness for the doctor—nothing beyond a respectful friendliness, evidently feeling that he had manifested all the emotion consistent with his dignity."

After the appropriate exclamations and comments from his audience, the Professor settled his glasses, and, remarking, "I will tell you one more dog-story," proceeded as follows:—"this anecdote was told me many years ago by a man whose name was Brown; indeed he was in the habit of telling it to me whenever he had an opportunity. When Brown was a young man, not more than twenty-one, he came on from Connecticut to this same town in Central New York, to purchase a farm. He travelled by private conveyance. After a successful purchase, he started for home. Not long after leaving the city of Albany, one day, he noticed a large yellow dog following on at a respectful distance behind his chaise. At first he paid no attention to the animal, but as he continued to trot along in his wake, he tried to drive him away, thinking he might belong to some team on the road, and, finding himself unwelcome, would go back to his own master. His efforts, however, were useless. The dog would simply stand perfectly still, staring reproachfully at Brown, while he flourished his whip and shouted at him, and the moment the chaise started again, quietly trotted on behind. Brown, disgusted, ceased, at last, to notice the creature, and finally forgot him altogether. At night he stopped at a village tavern, put up his horses, had supper, and went to bed. About midnight he was awakened by the tavern-keeper, who called impatiently at the door of his chamber.

"'Young man, you'd better get up and let your dog in; he's making such a racket, nobody in the house can sleep.'

"'What dog do you mean?' asked Brown, irritably, throwing open the door; and there, upon the very threshold sat, with an apologetic yet confident air, the unwelcome companion of a portion of his day's journey, the yellow dog. There was no help for it; he took him in, directed him sternly to lie down in the corner of the room, and then went to bed again. to be pursued through horrible dreams all the rest of the night by legions and legions of yellow dogs. When he woke in the early morning his dreaded guest was gone. The windows and door were still tightly shut as on the previous night; no trace of his departure could be found; he had vanished from the tavern and the premises as completely as if he had never been there. As the chamber door was closed by an old-fashioned latch, it was surmised that the dog, having learned the trick of unfastening it, had cooly walked out and shut the door behind him.

"Brown continued his journey and in due time reached his home in Connecticut, undisturbed by the reappearance of his mysterious tormentor. The day following his return was Sunday, and he attended church, sitting in the right-hand corner of the ancient gallery which ran around three sides of the building. During the 'long prayer,' he heard a slight commotion down-stairs, and, bending forward, saw, with exceeding dismay, that dreadful yellow dog, walking deliberately up the aisle. On and on he went, slowly and with dignity, reached the pulpit steps, mounted them, approached the sacred desk, mounted that with his fore paws, and coolly and steadily surveyed the audience—the body of the house first, then the galleries. In terrible suspense young Brown waited; the roving eyes of the dog would reach him in one moment more—it was inevitable! It never occured to him to bow his head and attempt concealment; he sat motionless—fascinated. The moment has come: the dog recognizes him, and joyously, but still softly, abandons his post of observation, trots rapidly down the aisle, up the gallery stairs, and in an instant more has reached the feet of his beloved, which he salutes with grateful kisses. The minister prayed through the whole scene, undisturbed, and not a boy in the congregation uttered a sound I fancy the proceeding was solemn rather than funny. One look into the tender, beseeching eyes of that dog finished Brown; he couldn't help loving him and he loved him mightily, too, till the day of his death. He brought him on with him to his new home and cherished him through a long and comfortable old age. When at last the loving old creature died, Brown was broken-hearted and mourned as honestly for him as if he had been one of his own kith and kin.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

WHY HE GAVE THEM UP.

WHY HE GAVE THEM UP.

Little folks generally like to run and meet father at night when he returns from his day's work either at the office, store, or shop, don't they? The father likes to have them as well.

Roger Creagh did anyway and when his little "Polly" (as he called her) ran out to the gate he would catch her up, give her a kiss and a toss up in the air, and then run in the house with her on his back. And oh! what a good time they had after tea—she on his lap prattling in childish fashion, and he listening or telling his famous stories.

One night she met him as usual, but when tea was over did not climb up on his lap, but ran off after her mother into the kitchen.

"Where's my 'Polly'?" cried he. "Come, Polly, I've a nice new story to-night." But no "Polly" came.

"Go to your father, child," said the mother.

"No I don't want to," said the little one, and burst out crying, for the "new story" was a temptation.

"But why?" urged the mother, "I thought you liked papa's lap so well."

"Yes," said the child; "but to-night his breaf don't smell good."

"Did you hear that, Roger?" said the wife, whose glance at his flushed face told her the true reason of "Polly's" dislike.

"Yes, Mary," said he, and it shall never be said again. I only stopped with John Moore, who begged me to have a glass of something for old times' sake, and then a cigar afterward. I'll give them up for ever rather than lose Polly's kisses. If she shuns me now what will she do in years to come? No, no! I want her love and respect more than all the cigars and liquors in creation."

That father's love was worth something. He was not afraid to give his reasons, either for declining to drink when urged by others, replying: "No, no; I've got a little girl at home who would know it, and, mates, I don't think it's good for us anyway. We're better off without it. I say a clean mouth and pure breath for kisses of wife and babies." I am glad to say he won some over to his way of thinking.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

The Family Circle.

JOHNNY'S PRIVATE ARGUMENT.

A poor little tramp of a doggie, one day,
Low-spirited, weary and sad,
From a crowd of rude urchins ran limping away,
And followed a dear little lad,
Whose round, chubby face, with the merry eyes blue,
Made doggie think, "Here is a good boy and true!"

So, wagging his tail and expressing his views,
With a sort of affectionate whine,
Johnny knew he was saying, "Dear boy, if you choose
To be any dog's master, be mine."
And Johnny's blue eyes opened wide with delight,
As he folded the doggie and hugged him so tight.

But alas! on a day that to Johnny was sad,
A newspaper notice he read,
"Lost a dog: limped a little, and also he had
A spot on the top of his head.
Whoever returns him to me may believe
A fair compensation he'll surely receive."

Johnny didn't want money, not he; 'twasn't that
That made him just sit down to think,
And made a grave look on his rosy face fat,
And made those blue eyes of his wink
To keep back the tears which were ready to flow,
As he thought to himself, "Must the dear doggie go?"

'Twas an argument Johnny was holding just there
With his own little conscience so true.
"It is plain," whispered conscience, "that if you'd be fair,
There is only one thing you can do;
Restore to his owner the dog; don't delay,
But attend to your duty at once, and to-day."

No wonder he sat all so silent and still,
Forgetting to fondle his pet—
The poor little boy thinking hard with a will;
While thought doggie, "What makes him forget,
I wonder, to frolic and play with me now,
And why does he wear such a sorrowful brow?"

Well, how did it end? Johnny's battle was fought,
And the victory given to him:
The dearly-loved pet to his owner was brought,
Tho' it made little Johnny's eyes dim.
But a wag of his tail doggie gives to this day
Whenever our Johnny is passing that way.
—*Mary D. Brine, in The Churchman.*

A STRANGE STORY.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

She could not become a burden to others. She had outlived her usefulness, perhaps, but she had by no means outlived her self-respect, or her desire to be a factor, however unimportant, in the world's wide field of product.

So when her boys—there had been two, and they had become men and had taken to themselves wives—emigrated to the far Southwest, and the girls—they were women now—wondered how they were to crowd any more than they were crowding, in order to spare a room for mother, who had just been burned out of house and home, and had come, first to Julia and then to Jessie, to see if she could find a home with either—when these things came to pass, the old lady, who had never before realized how old she was, began to feel aged, and weary, and very lonely, yet she never before determined to make for herself a place in the world, where by her own efforts she could live and maintain herself.

It had grieved her to see her home, with all its homely treasures, flame up and flare, and fade into ashes before her eyes, as she stood alone and helpless on that fateful night. But she had consoled her bereaved heart, saying, "After all, the care of these things, my house and garden, and cow, and chickens, prevented me from doing much for the girls; now there is an end. I will sell the cow and fowls, and replace my lost clothing, and go to Jessie and Julia. I can live by turns with them, and help them on in many ways."

Poor heart. She had been a good mother, and had done a good part by her children. The thought that she could be anything else than a help to those whom she had always helped, ah, with what loving, unselfish helpfulness, never occurred to her. Yet as she stood, homeless and destitute, in her daughter's house that bright, October morning, and heard Julia's husband remark that there wasn't enough room in the house for those rightfully belonging in it, "grandma had better go up to Jessie's," the poor mother felt a strange, unnatural tremor shake her frame. The road between Julia's and Jessie's seemed twice as long as ever before.

"Did you save nothing, mother?" Jessie asked. "And how much insurance had you? To think, we never knew a word of it till ten minutes ago. Jule sent up to say she saw you coming over the hill, and as they had no room for you I'd have to manage somehow. I couldn't make out what it meant, till the young one said you'd been burned out. How soon do you suppose the insurance will rebuild for you? We can crowd up for a few weeks by letting Andrew give you his cot. He can sleep in the dining-room. Of course you'll have to be in the room with little Jim and Isabella. Did you save all your things?"

How weak she grew as she sat and listened to her daughter's half-peevish questions. She scarcely knew her own voice as she answered:

"The insurance expired last week. I neglected to renew it. The fire broke out at four this morning, and everything was gone before my neighbors heard my cries. I saved nothing but my clothes and my tin-box with my papers, and watch, and a few trinkets in it. There were five gold dollars in the box. It is all the money I have now. The lot, the cow and the chickens are all that is left to me.

"Why, mother," interrupted the daughter vexedly, "how could you have been so neglectful? You must be in your second childhood. All your nice bedding, and furniture, and the china! Dear me! There must have been at least a thousand dollars' worth of property destroyed."

"And I am homeless and destitute indeed," said the mother quietly, in very sad voice.

"And all through your own culpable carelessness, I declare," said Jessie. "And what in the world you are going to do, I don't know, I'm sure. We're crowded enough, mercy knows. And I was just thinking of sending little Jim up to you for a month. The air is so much purer over where you lived, the other side of the hill, and he is so cross and troublesome. Dear me! And to think of there being no insurance. You might as well have thrown your home away, and your things, and done with it."

Not a word of sympathy or of encouragement from Julia. Reproaches from Jessie.

Were these the babies whom she had borne, and nursed and fondled, and served, so willingly, so patiently, so gladly? Were these the daughters for whom she had toiled, and striven and planned? Was it not all a hideous dream?

Her blood seemed turning to ice in her veins. She rose with rigid limbs and turned to the door.

"I will walk over to tell your Uncle Dick," she said. "I may not return to-day. Andrew need not give up his cot to grandma, at least to-night. Good-by, children." And she closed the door slowly and with trembling hand, as she went out from her daughter's house, to return no more.

"There is no welcome for me in my children's homes," she said; "their bread would choke me. And oh, I love them so."

And as she walked along, gray, ashen shadows settled upon her face, and her look was as of one whose death-stroke has been felt.

Another mother might have acted differently—even felt differently. Mothers have suffered disappointment in their children, and have borne the pain in one way or another, and veiled it from all eyes; even with loving, forgiving affection endeavoring to hide it even from their own. Alas!

Perhaps they were less proud-spirited than this mother. Perhaps they were less sensitive. Perhaps they had less self-respect.

When once these mothers realize that the children for whom they have lived, and would gladly die, value them more for what they have than for what they are, battle against the unwelcome conviction as they may, the realization works its sorrowful change in their lives. Some may succeed in making the hideous spectre down, and may persuade themselves indeed that 'twas a phantom only. The difference between these and this mother was, that she accepted the truth, and neither tried to deceive herself or others.

As she neared the home of her brother-in-law her resolve was taken. When she entered his house she was outwardly calm, and could talk of her loss and her intentions, with even tones and quiet air.

After arranging with him to dispose of her cow and chickens, she took the cars to the next town, and began to search for employment.

Mamma was visiting friends in that town at the time. Mamma is one who usually follows the leadings of her own instincts, and always regrets when she fails to do so. She was in Mrs. Ludlow's sitting-room when Mrs. Alpen applied for a position as general assistant, asking only for kind treatment and small wages.

Mrs. Ludlow had no place for her, but mamma felt assured that here was a treasure for some one, and forthwith proposed that if Mrs. Alpen would go with her to her home, two days' journey by rail, she would give her suitable employment at fair wages.

Mamma shortened her visit in order to bring Aunty Alpen home. She has remained, mamma's most valuable helper ever since.

For years we knew nothing of her personal history beyond the fact that she had married children settled in distant places, from whom, at long and irregular intervals she received letters.

One day it chanced that, as mamma read a paragraph from a newspaper, she smiled, and called Aunty Alpen's attention to it.

"It is your name," said mamma. "Rowena Alpen. I wish it were your land also. It would make you independent indeed."

"It is my land," said Mrs. Alpen quietly. "But I am independent without it."

And she burst into tears and sank into a chair at mamma's side. We left them alone—mamma and our poor friend in her grief.

It was then that she confided to mamma her story that she said was too pitifully sorrowful to be told.

She had been with us seven years. In all these years never once had her daughters invited her to their homes. They had been glad she had employment and was satisfied with her position. They had even asked her if it was convenient to have a visit from one or more of the children in their summer vacations. But they had never expressed any regret for the separation, or any desire to have her become a member of their families.

Until now.

The lot on which her home had stood had suddenly become valuable. A coal-vein ran beneath it. The mine was working. The owners of the shaft wished to purchase, and offered a price that astonished those who knew nothing of the real values. Both daughters at once remembered their filial obligations, and at once each offered a home with her own family.

"God pity me if I am unlike what a mother should be," she said. "I loved my children only for love's sake. I hoped that thus my children would love me. Love, love was all I asked or craved. Land cannot buy love nor happiness. All that I have is theirs. They shall have no temptation to become impatient for their mother's death. I will give them all now. For myself, when I can no longer work, there remains the poor-house. I will go thither."

Is her story too strangely sad to have been told? I know of other mothers no less keenly stung by that

"Sharper than a serpent's tooth,"

filial ingratitude and neglect.

I have but lately been the confidant of a tale as strangely sad from a gray haired mother of children in far higher social scale than Aunty Alpen's, yet not one whit above them in filial duty. I know of another mother this hour, snubbed, grudged her attic room and her poor bite and sup, and forced to do her own laundry work in her daughter's house where rooms and food and servants are in plenty.

Why do I tell of such shames?

Why, indeed, unless in the hope that some who have eyes to see may see, and who have ears to hear may hear and understand? For these stung hearts of sorrowing mothers are remembered by One who in the day of his power is mighty to avenge.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"THERE'S SUMMAT IN IT";

OR, BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

Colonel Waldegrave sat in his library one autumn afternoon with his well-worn Bible before him, but as the light failed he closed the book, and leaning back in his chair indulged in a reverie that brought a gleam of reverent gladness over his face. He thought of the time when he had vainly sought satisfaction in a life "without God:" of the remarkable chain of circumstances that had taught him his mistake, and of the peace that came to him when the Saviour whom he sought said unto his soul, "I am thy salvation." Then, as in a rapidly-moving panorama, there passed before him scenes of conflict in his early Christian life, when he had to suffer reproach and ridicule, and when it needed all a soldier's courage and endurance to be steadfast and immovable in his new service. But the Captain of his salvation had given the needed grace. He came to be honored for his earnestness, and he was a good friend and adviser to not a few young men in the army, some of them serving divers lusts and pleasures, and being hurried on to misery for both worlds, but stopped in their downward course by his influence, and made noble and pure through becoming good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Since he left the army he had inherited the old family estate, and went to end his earthly life amongst his own people. He showed the same earnestness for the best interests of his tenantry and neighbors. Men and women who had never cared to travel a mile or two to the nearest village church, came gladly to the service, which, once in the week, and again on Sabbath evening, when there was no service in the church, he held in the hall of his beautiful home.

The Colonel was enjoying, as we said, a quiet meditation, from which he was startled by the entrance of a servant with lights. He roused himself to speak to the old man, who had been with him in all his wanderings, and still kept the post of personal attendant.

"Well, Thomas, is all ready for the meeting to-night?"

"No, sir; I was just going to name to you that there's no oil for the lamps. What you ordered from town, sir, has never come. I thought maybe it might be lying at the station, but I sent Bob over in the light cart to enquire, and it wasn't there."

"Then drive down to the village, and get what you want at Tomlinson's."

Thomas stood irresolute, the old habit of military obedience preventing a negative reply to any order.

"What is it, Thomas?"

"Sir, you remember what the old man said the last time we went to his shop for oil?"

The Colonel smiled. "Did not approve of these meetings, rather inclined to denounce them, was not that it?"

"Yes, sir," said Thomas; "he flew out at me quite spiteful, and said he would refuse to send oil to help such doings."

"Well," continued the Colonel, "though I pity the old man's ignorance, I cannot but admire his honesty and independence, for he must have known that he was risking our custom in speaking so."

"He doesn't believe in either God or devil, so I'm told," said Thomas with suppressed wrath.

"Poor fellow! He will learn better by-and-by. We must pray for him. His must be a dismal life with a creed like that. However, Thomas, we must face the enemy again; you and I don't believe in discouragement, do we? You just drive over and give my compliments to the old man, and say I particularly want a supply of oil for the meeting to-night, and if he declines we must have wax lights, that is all."

Thomas was, like his master, an old veteran, but like many of his class he could face the roar of cannon far more bravely than the strife of tongues, and his heart sank in a manner

very unusual to it, during his drive to Fullerton.

Jerry Tomlinson's store was in the middle of the village, and being the only shop in the place the old man did a thriving business, though his rough eccentric manners frightened many of his customers, and he made no secret of his contempt and hatred for every thing "religious." Some of his neighbors who had attended Colonel Waldegrave's meetings, and had learned there of pardon and peace through the atonement of Jesus, often looked with pity at the gloomy, hard-faced man, and prayed that the Sun of Righteousness might shine into the darkness of his heart, but they dared not speak.

But by this time Thomas had arrived at his door. The upper half was swung back on its hinges, and over the lower half the old man was to be seen peering out into the gloom. He came forward with unusual politeness as Thomas drove up, and listened attentively to the Colonel's message, which Thomas delivered with a quaking of heart that no one would have suspected who looked at his erect bearing and unmoved face.

Jerry paused a moment in his reply, and then spoke with great deliberation: "Ye mind t'answer I gied ye when ye cam' on that business afore, and I wonder that ye'd come again, but ye soldiering folk don't give in for a trifle I reckon. Anyhow, I ain't a-going to give t'same answer this time, and I'll tell ye why. I know all t'folks about here as well as I know my mother. They've been born in t'village and come in and out o' this door since they were big just enough to stand a tip-toe and peep over t'bottom half. And some of them's honest and some isn't. It's only a sprinkling here and there that manages to keep out of debt, and there are dozens in t'village that got into my books and never cared about getting out again, until, a few weeks ago, first one came and cleared a few shillings off, and then another, and now they've squared it all off. Though I've said naught to them, nor them to me, I've noticed that it's them as has been keenest about going to your master's meetings that have changed their manners so much, and old Jerry can put two and two together as well as most folks. So now let me know how much oil you want, and you shall have it, and my respects make to t'Colonel and say that if his religion teaches folks to be honest and pay their debts, there must be summat in it, and for the future I'll be glad to let him have all the light he wants for nothing."

A striking lesson, never more needed than in these times. It is easy to say "Lord, Lord," when saying so does not put the life in jeopardy; it is not so easy to be true in all our words and honest in all our dealings for his sake. A devout believer who "adds to his faith" toward God this "virtue" of fair dealing toward his fellow-men, does more to disarm an infidel of his best weapons than could the cleverest book on the "Evidences."—*Sunday at Home.*

GHOST STORIES.

I know that some young people are fond of ghost stories, and sometimes are dreadfully frightened as they hear them. A cold chill runs through their veins, and perhaps they dream of them at night, and wake up with a start, ready to fancy all sorts of strange things. Well, I, too, like sometimes to hear or read a ghost story, but I always like to hear the explanation of it; for I believe that in every case an explanation might be given, if it could only be found out. I have been induced to think of this especially lately by the following circumstances.

I have come, with my wife and young family, to reside in a very old-fashioned house. It is situated in the country, and surrounded by fields, gardens, and trees. It is the very sort of place that might easily be imagined to be haunted.

One night, soon after we had got comfortably settled into it, I was awakened by a mysterious creaking sound, as if some door in our room was being slowly opened; and yet it hardly seemed quite like the noise of one of the bedroom doors. My wife awoke at the same moment, and we both asked: "What is it?" We searched for matches, but they were not in their accustomed place, and it was some time before they could be found; but then in a moment the mystery was explained. It was the cat, who had secreted herself in a wardrobe, and had pushed the doors open to let herself out! We soon turned her out of the room, and went to sleep again; but, as it seemed to us, almost immediately afterward we were awakened by another mysterious sound—a deliberate rapping somewhere downstairs—we could not tell exactly where—not like the rapping of a knocker on a door, but a hollow, muffled, curious kind of sound. It went on—rap rap, rap. What could it be? We could not imagine. I got up, and looked about the house, and called the dog from the kitchen, but could see nothing. The sound ceased as I got up, and we were glad to find that it was not renewed, and soon we went to sleep again.

Next day we thought and spoke of the mysterious sound, but no explanation of it could be given, until at night just as I was looking round the house, and seeing that all was safely bolted and locked, I passed by the hat-stand in the hall, and suddenly remembered that some time ago, in our former house, our dog used to pull down the cloaks hanging upon the stand, in the middle of the night, to make himself an extra-bed and that in so doing he had made a rapping sound which several times had awakened us, and was something like the sound which we had heard the night before; but then he had been repeatedly punished for the trick, and had entirely given it up; was it possible that he had re-commenced it in this our present house? I took hold of the hat-stand and pulled it to and fro. Yes, with a hard pull it hit back against the wall, and made a rapping sound. It was the dog then; but, to make assurance doubly sure I placed a stick, well balanced, upon the top of the stand, which would fall with a loud noise if the stand were shaken, and then retired to rest. Sure enough, in the middle of the night, a loud noise resounding through the hall proclaimed the fact that the cunning animal had been at his old tricks again, and it was he who was to blame for the mysterious ghost-like sounds.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night." How sweet is this promise! Things appear so different to us at night to what they do by day. Sounds which would be almost inaudible by day are distinctly heard at night, and things are mysterious and alarming at night which are not at all mysterious or alarming by day. I have read of a young officer, who bravely fought and risked his life at Waterloo, that he was not nearly so much alarmed with the sights and sounds of that tremendous battle as he was a few nights afterward by a strange noise in his bed-chamber, in an old French farm-house. Something came creeping along the room, and up to the side of his bed. His hair stood on end with fright, and he grasped his sword, and struck with it violently right and left, but soon he was calmed by hearing a poor pussy's "mew!" It was a kitten, who had found her way into the warrior's room and had given him this terrible fright.

Yes, the strong sometimes become weak, and the courageous timid; but, if we fear God, we have really no reason to fear anything else, for in darkness or in light, in danger or in safety, in life or in death, He will be ever near to protect and preserve us. —*Episcopal Recorder.*

"HOW READEST THOU?"

You remember, no doubt, the old lawyer, our college treasurer, Squire Clark, said an editorial friend to me lately, in an evening home-talk, in which memories of early days were recalled.

Yes, I replied, and I remember, too, the lesson that he taught the law-students one day, by means of a short question that they heard him ask in open court. Our professor reported it to the class, and I noted it as a good title for a lecture.

Squire Clark was a good-looking old gentleman, nearly seventy, but quick in movement, not tall or heavy, but, as one said, "lively as a cricket," and cheerful as any of "our boys."

It happened once that in conducting a case, his statement of the law differed from that of the Judge on the bench. Squire Clark's correction was not accepted. He was overruled.

Still, he declared that the law had not been truly stated.

The Judge affirmed his opinion with a tone of authority. The lawyer rose again and began to renew his denial, when the order from the bench rang through the hall,—

"Sit down, Mr. Clark!"

The genial old gentleman, smiling, sat down. Ere long, however, he was seen with an open book in his hand, quietly, with bent frame, moving along toward the Judge's seat, and putting the volume *straight* before the Judge, pointed to a scored sentence, with the question whispered aloud,—

"How readest thou?"

There was dead silence.

The Judge read it, and then lifting his eyes from the page, said in a calm, judicial tone,—

"You are right, Mr. Clark!"

Quick as thought the grand old man responded pleasantly, "Yes, your honor, always right, always right!"

The courtroom rang with peals of laughter, in which the Judge joined heartily.

That was a victory. The professor who reported it, in his closing gave the talk a turn toward religion, and said,—

"Young gentlemen, in studying matters of religious interest you will have to deal with men's contradictory statements, backed up by quotations from the Bible, the old law-book of the ages.

"Now, if you would escape bewilderment, treat your Bible as Squire Clark treated his law-book; study it thoroughly—each for himself—so that you are intimately acquainted with its principles and its decisions. Thus you will gain power, like that celebrated in the nineteenth Psalm. The truth there recorded will put you into a right relation to God and man, to earth and heaven."—*Youth's Companion.*

BUILT THEIR OWN BOAT.

"Where there's a will there's a way," has been illustrated in the victory of more than one enterprising lad over difficulties.

During the last summer, three boys, stopping with their parents at Atlantic City, New Jersey, one being ten and the others thirteen years of age, saw a little boat at the landing which so pleased them that they wished the little craft was theirs, and tried hard to prevail upon their parents to purchase it for them.

Failing in this, they resolved to build one themselves, and gathering together the proper materials by purchasing lumber and borrowing tools, went at the work.

In thirty days, with no assistance from any boat-builder and only an occasional look at their model boat, their little craft, eight feet in length, was ready for the water. The happy day came when all preparations were completed to launch her, and with the ceremonies usual to such circumstances, with a beautiful flag floating from her mast, and amid loud hurrahs from the spectators, who were seated on a platform erected by the lads, the little boat was sent afloat.

She will carry three persons, has a mast and sail, and is painted and finished throughout in a neat and substantial manner.

THE BIBLE ITS OWN WITNESS.

The following incident was related by the Rev. Dr. Yates, a veteran member of the American Baptist Mission in Shanghai. It occurred some twenty years ago. A Chinese merchant came into his chapel one afternoon and after talking with him for a short time Dr. Yates sold him a copy of the New Testament. He took it home, 200 or 300 miles away, and after about three months appeared again in the chapel. He came back to say that he was under the impression that the book was not complete, that surely it must have other parts, and so he came to get the Old Testament, as he had read and studied the New. What had he done with the New Testament? He had taken it to his home and had shown it to the schoolmaster and the reading people. They said, "This is a good book. Confucius himself must have had something to do with it. As there was only one copy, they unstitched this one, and took it leaf by leaf, and all those who could write took a leaf home. They made twelve or fifteen complete copies of the New Testament, and introduced it into their schools without any "conscience clause." It was introduced as a class-book, throughout that district, for heathen schools.

HOME DUTIES FIRST.

A girl of fourteen, who had lately been converted, asked God to show her what she should do for Him, and what was her special work. After praying for some time, the thought came into her mind that there was her baby brother, only a few months old, which she could take and nurse for the Lord. So she took the charge of the child, and relieved her mother in the work and care of the little one.

This was godly and Christ-like. Home duties and fireside responsibilities have the first claim upon every child of God. We need not go abroad for work when God places work within our reach.

"The daily round, the common task," provides ample opportunities for serving God, doing whatsoever our hands find to do.

Little words, not eloquent speeches; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom, make up the Christian life.—*Dr. H. Bonar, Word and Work.*

THE BEST RECIPE for going through life in an exquisite way with beautiful manner, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness he can get from others.

Question Corner.—No. 13.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

145. For whom did a band of men lie in wait, bound by an oath that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed him?
146. Where in the Bible is Paul first mentioned?
147. Which of the apostles cut off the right ear of a man with a sword?
148. On what occasion did he do it and who was the man?
149. Who said that if all the things which Jesus did were recorded "I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written"?
150. What was the parting promise of Christ to his disciples?
151. By whom was Paul educated?
152. Who was the father-in-law of Moses?
153. What prophet when he was first called was ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen?
154. What exile returned and rebuilt the walls of the city of his fathers?
155. How long did the Israelites sojourn in the land of Egypt?
156. How long did Job's friends tarry without saying a word when they came to mourn with him?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. What the Spirit is sometimes called.
2. The city in which Paul preached his most noted sermons.
3. The name of the damsel who was gate-keeper for the church while they prayed for Peter.
4. The name of the people whose great champion David killed.
5. The name of one of Jacob's grandsons.
6. The name of an ancestor of every person now living.
7. The name of a disciple whom Peter raised from the dead.
8. The name of the man whose prayers brought or withheld the rain.
9. The name of an ancient total abstinence family.

The initials form the name of the trade at which Jesus worked.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 11.

121. Absalom's. 2 Sam. xviii. 9, 15.
122. Jezebel. 1 Kings xxi. 1, 16.
123. Elijah. 1 Kings xxi. 17, 24.
124. She was thrown out of a window and devoured by dogs. 2 Kings ix. 30, 37.
125. At Jericho. 2 Kings ii. 5, 9.
126. Enoch. Gen. v. 24; Heb. xi. 5.
127. To the tribe of Judah. Dan. i. 6.
128. The street which is called Straight. Acts ix. 11.
129. Samuel. 1 Sam. xii. 2, 3.
130. Lev. xix. 32.
131. Caleb. Josh. xiv. 10, 11.
132. Judah numbered seventy-four thousand six hundred men able for war. Num. i. 27.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 11.—David McGee, 12; Alex. George Burr, 12; Janet Pattison, 11; Sarah Pattison, 11; Annie M. Pattison, 11.

To No. 10.—James Dudley, 12; Helen Nicholson, 11, David McGee, 11; Florence E. Weatherby, 14.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON II.

JULY 10.]

THE COMING DELIVERER.

Exod. 2: 5-15.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 9, 10.

5. And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it.

6. And when she had opened it, she saw the child: and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children.

7. Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?

8. And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went and called the child's mother.

9. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child, and nursed it.

10. And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses: and she said, Because I drew him out of the water.

11. And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens: and he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren.

12. And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand.

13. And when he went out the second day, behold, two men of the Hebrews strove together: and he said to him that did the wrong, Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow?

14. And he said, Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian? And Moses feared, and said, Surely this thing is known.

15. Now when Pharaoh heard this thing, he sought to slay Moses. But Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian: and he sat down by a well.

GOLDEN TEXT.—By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter.—HEB. 11: 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Help comes from the Lord.

INTRODUCTORY.—The cruel measures mentioned in our last lesson having failed, Pharaoh directed all the male children to be murdered at their birth or to be thrown into the River Nile.

NOTES.—THE RIVER, the Nile, not so named in the Bible, but Sihor or Shihor, flowing from Central Africa through Egypt, about 4,000 miles long. To its annual overflow Egypt owes its fertility; it was regarded as sacred, and was worshipped as a god.—ARK, or "chest," made of the papyrus reed (bulrushes), fastened together and made water-tight by the slimy mud of the river, and pitch.—FLAGS, another kind of bulrush.—HEBREWS, a name given to the Israelites from the word "eber," which means "to pass over," or from the same word "Eber" one of their ancestors, Gen. 10: 24; 11: 14; Abraham was first called "the Hebrew," Gen. 14: 13; and who crossed the river Euphrates.—MOSES, "son" or brought forth, third child of Amram and Jochebed, descendants of Levi. Aaron his brother was three years older, Ex. 7: 7, and his sister Miriam may have been from ten to twelve years older.—MIDIAN, strife, the land east of the Red Sea, extending at least to Moab and Mount Sinai, or perhaps beyond that to the desert and the banks of the Euphrates.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) MOSES' CHILDHOOD. (II.) HIS MANHOOD.

I. MOSES' CHILDHOOD.—(5-10.) DAUGHTER OF PHARAOH, the Bible does not give her name, but as a princess she had an exalted position; TO WASH, or bathe, perhaps she believed in the waters having health-giving properties; ARK .... FLAGS, see Notes; HAD COMPASSION, or "mercifully spared" him. It led her to take the babe under her protection; SISTER, see Notes. She had been watching for the purpose, v. 4; CHILD'S MOTHER, see Notes. Perhaps she was not far off, watching her babe; BROUGHT HIM, at what age we do not know; she and her husband were good people, Heb. 11: 23, and feared God rather than the king: Moses and his brother and sister would have a good example before them; BECAME HER SON, was legally adopted into the royal family, where he was educated in all the learning of the Egyptians, Acts 7: 21 22.

II. HIS MANHOOD.—(11-15.) THOSE DAYS; when he was fully 40 years old, Acts 7: 23; GROWN, in stature, wisdom and influence; WENT .... BRETHREN, either left the palace entirely to share their hard lot, Heb. 11: 24-26, or paid a friendly visit; LOOKED ON, seeing; EGYPTIAN, one of the oppressors, 1: 11; SMITING, with a long, heavy, pliant scourge; THERE WAS NO MAN, he saw no one; HID HIM, buried him to prevent discovery; STROVE, "fighting"; FELLOW "brother," Acts 7: 26; A PRINCE AND A JUDGE, he was so truly, Acts 7: 24; INTENDEST THOU, &c., this expression showed Moses that his deed was not only known, but in danger of being made public at any moment; THIS THING, the deed which was done. It had become known to Pharaoh; SOUGHT TO SLAY, manslaughter under any circumstances was rigorously punished in Egypt, even where the criminal might be high in rank; FACE, beyond his power; A WELL, literally "the well," a well-known watering place at this time.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) The helpless babe is watched over and nursed.
(2.) The child of the slave becomes the prince of the palace.
(3.) He neither forgets nor neglects to help his distressed brethren, though it may cost him his all.
(4.) His good intentions and efforts are unheeded by those whom he wishes to benefit.
(5.) He becomes a fugitive.

MOSES.—His person. We are informed in Ex. 2: 2, that he was a goodly child, and in Acts 7: 21, that he was exceeding fair, or "uncommonly, superlatively beautiful." "Some extraordinary appearance or remarkable comeliness led his parents to augur his future greatness. Beauty was regarded by the ancients as a mark of divine favor. Josephus and Philo seem to intimate that the striking feature in the child's appearance was not so much beauty of countenance as a certain nobility of air which augured future greatness. This is not mentioned, however, by the sacred historian as the chief inducement for the preservation of Moses. It was only a secondary reason, though it might have stimulated their hopes that God would bless their endeavors to save him, which were not founded on any special revelation made directly concerning him, but originated in their faith and implicit reliance on the Divine promises."—Jamieson's Crit. and Exper. Com.

LESSON III.

JULY 17.]

THE CALL OF MOSES.

Exod. 3: 1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 6, 7.

1. Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian: and he led the flock to the backside of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb.

2. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.

3. And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.

4. And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said Here am I.

5. And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.

6. Moreover he said, I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face: for he was afraid to look upon God.

7. And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters: for I know their sorrows;

8. And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey; unto the place of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites.

9. Now therefore, behold, the cry of the children of Israel is come unto me: and I have also seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them.

10. Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt.

11. And Moses said unto God, Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?

12. And he said, Certainly I will be with thee; and this shall be a token unto thee, that I have sent thee: When thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain.

13. And Moses said unto God, Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you: and they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them?

14. And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel: I AM hath sent me unto you.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And he said, Certainly, I will be with thee.—EXOD. 3: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The presence of God is the power of his servants.

INTRODUCTORY.—Moses lived in Midian for forty years in the employ of Reuel or Jethro, whose daughter Zipporah he married. In the meantime the Pharaoh from whom he had fled died. His successor, Menephtha II., continued the oppression of the Israelites, and reigned in Egypt at the time the events narrated in our lesson took place.

NOTES.—JETHRO, "his excellence," a prince or priest of Midian; probably a descendant of Abraham by Keturah, Gen. 25: 1, 2.—HOREB, "dry," also called Sinai, unless the two terms designate separate localities. Both names appear to have been applied sometimes to the whole range, and sometimes to a single portion of the range.—GOD OF ABRAHAM, &C., the name by which God had made himself known to the patriarchs in blessing and promise, see Gen. 22: 15-18; 26: 24; 28: 13-15.—CANAANITES, descendants of Canaan the fourth son of Ham, Gen. 10: 6, prior to the conquest by Joshua used for all the inhabitants of Palestine, after that, for a distinct tribe.—HITTITES, descendants of Heth the second son of Canaan, who were settled at first in the southern part of Judæa.—AMORITES, a Syrian tribe descended from Canaan. They were of great stature and courage and occupied the mountains between the Mediterranean and the Jordan.—PERIZZITES, were those who lived in the small villages scattered throughout Canaan.—HIVITES, mainly in the north-western part of Palestine, about Mount Hermon and Lebanon.—JEBUSITES, held Jerusalem and the district around.—PHARAOH, see Introd.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE DIVINE APPEARANCE. (II.) THE DIVINE PURPOSE. (III.) THE DIVINE COMMISSION.

I. THE DIVINE APPEARANCE. —(1-6.) Now, toward the end of Moses' 40 years sojourn in Midian; KEPT, was feeding, &c., as a shepherd; FLOCK, of sheep and goats; PRIEST, or "prince"; the patriarchal chiefs were at the same time the priests of their tribe, comp. Gen. 32: 28; DESERT, "wilderness," not in our sense a barren waste, but here though uninhabited yet affording pasturage; MOUNTAIN OF GOD, so called with reference to the future divine manifestations; HOREB, see Notes; THE ANGEL OF THE LORD, a minister or messenger, of Jehovah, here in the form of a flame of fire, Ps. 104: 4; A BUSH, "the bush," or thorny acacia shrub, common in that region; NOT CONSUMED, was not burnt at all, comp. Dan. 3: 25-27; HERE AM I, expression of attention and obedience; PUT OFF THY SHOES, "thy sandals," according to ancient custom a mark of reverence; HOLY, became so by God's presence.

II. THE DIVINE PURPOSE.—(6-9.) MOREOVER, &c., God recalled his relationship to Abraham, &c., as "not the God of the dead, but of the living," Matt. 22: 32; HID HIS FACE, in awe and humility, he was afraid; SURELY SEEN, observed with pity; CRY, of pain and distress caused by their TASKMASTERS, "oppressors," not same word as in 1: 11; COME DOWN, in manifestation of power, comp. Gen. 11: 5, 7; 18: 21; GOOD LAND, fertile and abundant; LARGE. In comparison with Goshen. Its extent is shown by the enumeration of the tribes occupying it; FLOWING WITH MILK AND HONEY, the chief dainties of the earlier ages, the good land abounded in these, 2 Sam. 17: 27-29.

III. THE DIVINE COMMISSION.—(10-14.) COME NOW THEREFORE, "and now go"; THEE.... THOU, he was to be the deliverer; WHO AM I, &c., words implying humility but not fear nor want of faith; I WILL BE WITH THEE, "with God all things are possible," if God be for us who can be against us?; A TOKEN, "the sign," pledge, promise, demanding simple faith; I AM THAT I AM, expresses absolute, unchanging and eternal being. "I am what I am."

TEACHINGS:

(1.) God's manifestations are wonderful.
(2.) They compel reverence, fear and love.
(3.) God knows our every trouble and sorrow.
(4.) With God we need fear nothing.
(5.) God is forever the same.

LESSON IV.

JULY 24.]

MOSES AND AARON.

Exod. 4: 27-31; 5: 1-4.

COMMIT TO MEMORY V. 31.

27. And the Lord said to Aaron, Go into the wilderness to meet Moses. And he went, and met him in the mount of God, and kissed him.

28. And Moses told Aaron all the words of the Lord who had sent him, and all the signs which he had commanded him.

29. And Moses and Aaron went and gathered together all the elders of the children of Israel:

30. And Aaron spake all the words which the Lord had spoken unto Moses, and did the signs in the sight of the people.

31. And the people believed: and when they heard that the Lord had visited the children of Israel, and that he had looked upon their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped.

V.: 1. And afterward Moses and Aaron went in, and told Pharaoh, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness.

2. And Pharaoh said, Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go.

3. And they said, The God of the Hebrews hath met with us: let us go, we pray thee, three days' journey into the desert, and sacrifice unto the Lord our God; lest he fall upon us with pestilence, or with the sword.

4. And the king of Egypt said unto them, Wherefore do ye Moses and Aaron, let the people from their works? get you unto your burdens.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He sent Moses his servant; and Aaron whom he had chosen.—PS. 105: 26.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—God finds fitting instruments for his work.

INTRODUCTORY.—God assured Moses that the issue of his mission would be successful, and in answer to the objection that his brethren might urge, that he was not divinely commissioned, God wrought two wonderful miracles. Moses states another difficulty personal to himself, his slowness of speech; is promised a "spokesman" in Aaron his brother, who is even then about to visit him. In these ways the scruples of Moses are graciously set aside by God, who commanded him to take the rod which had been turned into a serpent (ch. 4: 3), wherewith he might work miracles. Thereafter he left Midian with his wife and children, whom, however, he sent back after meeting Aaron (18: 2), and arrived in Egypt

NOTES.—MOSES, "Three qualities give him immortal interest and prominence. (1.) Faith: 'By faith he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt,' Heb. 11: 26. (2.) Prayerfulness: In every hour of emergency his immediate resort was to Jehovah. (3.) He coveted no distinction and sought no prominence: his greatness came to him, he did not go after it."—Schaff's Bible Dict.—AARON, "mountaineer" or "enlightened," elder brother of Moses by three years (7: 7), was in Egypt during Moses' sojourn in Midian. Being the eldest son of Amram who was a descendant of Kohath the second son of Levi, and because of natural talents, he was a prominent man among the Israelites. He is called "the saint of the Lord," Ps. 106: 16. He was a better servant than master. He was weak in command, but faithful in duty. He yielded like wax to the impression of the moment. When he died on Mt. Hor at the age of 123 years, Num. 33: 38, 39, he was sincerely mourned.—HEBREWS, see Notes Lesson II.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) IN THE WILDERNESS. (III.) BEFORE ISRAEL. (III.) BEFORE PHARAOH.

I. IN THE WILDERNESS.—(4: 27, 28.) AARON, see Notes; WILDERNESS, the whole region of Sinai was so called. Aaron received definite instructions where to go; KISSED HIM, the brothers not having seen each other for 40 years, the kiss here meant more than the common mode of salutation, comp v. 14; ALL THE WORDS, the precepts and promises of God; SIGNS, the promised token of God's presence and power, vs. 8, 9.

II. BEFORE ISRAEL.—(29-31.) WENT, from Sinai to Goshen in Egypt; ELDERS, "either the heads of tribes or the oldest or most judicious of the people" and their representatives; DID THE SIGNS, i. e. Moses did, not Aaron; PEOPLE, a public assembly was held called by the elders; BELIEVED, they credited the testimony which the signs fully warranted; HAD VISITED, been present as a physician; LOOKED UPON, observed narrowly; THEIR AFFLICTION, not only the aggregate of all but each separate affliction of whatever kind or however arising; BOWED THEIR HEADS AND WORSHIPPED, they adored and rendered homage to God, see Ps. 95: 6.

III. BEFORE PHARAOH.—(5: 1-4) WENT IN, where this interview with Pharaoh was held is not certainly known; most likely Zoan, Ps. 78: 12, 43, which is identified with Tanis, now San, on the Nile, in Lower Egypt; LORD, "Jehovah"; LET MY PEOPLE GO, a remarkable request considering the opinions of the heathen that it was right that the gods should be worshipped; FEAST, a sacred festival with worship and sacrifice; WILDERNESS, some retired region where there would be no interruption; WHO IS THE LORD, a question indicating either scorn or ignorance; I KNOW NOT THE LORD, he has not been made known to me, but it does not matter, I will not allow the people to go; HATH MET, hath appeared to us; LET US GO, i. e., the Israelites; LEST, if by your refusal; PESTILENCE, a plague then known in Egypt: SWORD, attacks by other nations; LET THE PEOPLE, "cause to desist," hinder. He rebukes them as impudent stirrers up of sedition, and commands them also to engage in the same oppressive labor with their brethren.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) Speech for God cannot be better than that furnished by His own word.
(2.) Hearers cannot worship Him better than by believing in His word.
(3.) Ignorance of God or His word will not avert punishment from those who disobey Him, or disregard it.
(4.) God's message is to be offered pleadingly, and enforced threateningly to the unbeliever.
(5.) God's children are sometimes wrongly accused and made to suffer innocently.

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